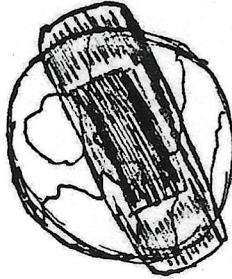
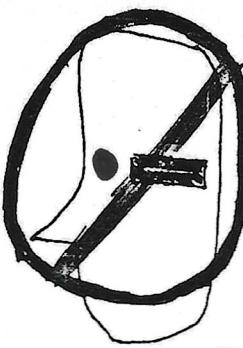


My Words helped me heal,  
but my words only marked the  
pain I could feel.



The Words used to Share  
ways of life, but I know they want to  
get out, Escape and go.

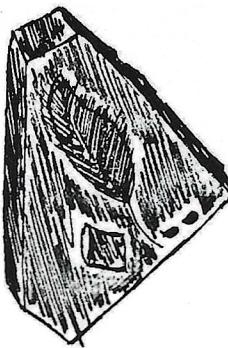
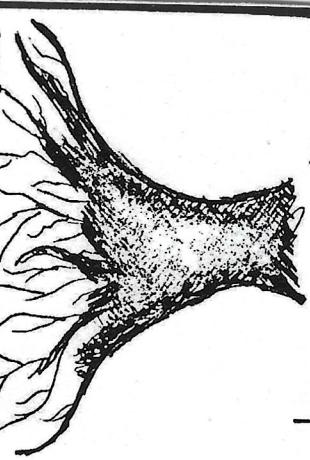


I was never safe, even though my  
territory was neutral, safe space.  
I was always scared away

though my honor was only mentioned

4 I was feeling angry and stressed.  
No useful things in my bag  
more like a snapshot of time  
from a paddock or farm

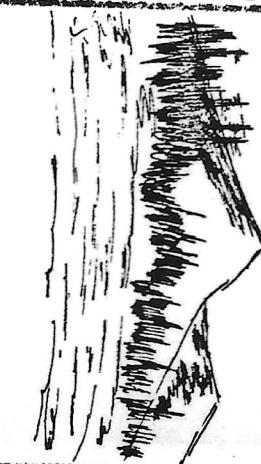
5 I was angry, I felt as if  
I was being controlled by others



So later on I used it to  
write for others,  
and when I wrote I wrote  
to be their voice when theirs  
self gathered.

F

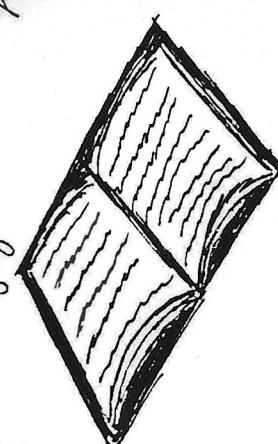
by Apollo



A Song  
of Snow

1 So I am not sure where to say,  
but not too long ago I had to play my part

2 A little bit in I got to feeling  
that this was not a wall or ceiling



3 I wanted from them to write my escape,  
and when I wrote I wrote for people to like what I  
had going-on.